

PARANOIZE

#25

FREE

(donations are killa!)

interviews with:

Scot Latour

(of Incubus/Haate)

Bill Heintz

(The Pallbearers/TheBills/Terroroptics/etc.)

A HANGING

Plus:

NOLA Underground History (part 2)

Noizefest 2007

Reviews

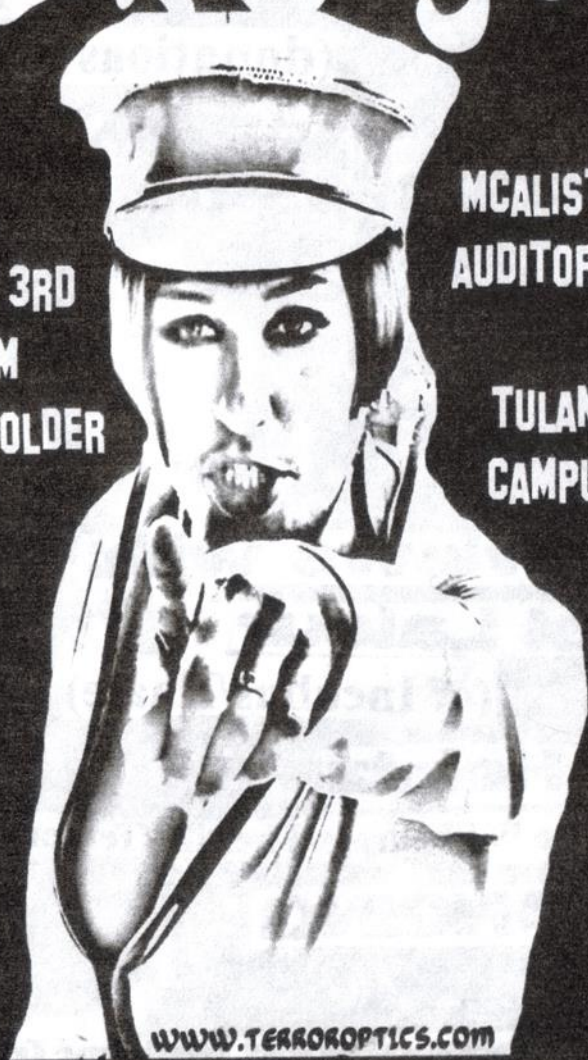
(photo: A Hanging at St. Roch Tavern 5/5/07)

GOREGASM

NOV. 3RD
9PM
18 OR OLDER

MCALISTER
AUDITORIUM

TULANE
CAMPUS



WWW.TERROROPTICS.COM

HORROR SEX COMEDY FOR THE
MODERN EXTREMIST

Paranoize is a non-profit independent publication based in New Orleans, Louisiana covering metal, hardcore, sludge, grind core, doom, stoner rock, and pretty much anything loud and noisy.

Bands and recording artists may send cassettes (home or studio recorded), vinyl, or compact discs (yes, we accept cdr's) for a guaranteed review. Keep in mind that music sent in for review is the opinion of the reviewer and we are not here to kiss your ass. If the person reviewing your music doesn't like what you're doing, suck it up and get on with your life. If you whine to us, we'll just make fun of you.

Music reviews are also posted on the Paranoize website at: www.paranoizenola.com where you can also find show listings, buy Paranoize merch (t-shirts and stickers) online and check out some old New Orleans metal/hardcore/punk tunes.

Advertisements are what keep this publication FREE. Email for rates.

You may send all comments, questions, letters, music, and written contributions to:

Paranoize

c/o Bobby Bergeron

P.O. Box 15554

New Orleans, LA 70175-5554

USA

email: bobby@paranoizenola.com

MSN Messenger: paranoize@hotmail.com

Yahoo Messenger: paranoize

AIM: paranoize504

www.paranoizenola.com

Contributors to Paranoize #25:

Bobby: Scot Latour and A Hanging interview, reviews, 20 year rant, sloppy layout, etc...

M.Bevis: Nola Underground article, Noizefest article, reviews.

Aysia: Bill Heintz interview.

Mike IX Williams: reviews

PARANOIZE

ZINE NEW ORLEANS



WWW.PARANOIZENOLA.COM

Paranoize shirts and stickers available:

Shirts: \$8 in person or \$10 ppd.

Stickers: 4 for \$1.00 ppd or free with order.

Money order payable to Bobby Bergeron or

PayPal to paranoize@hotmail.com

9/01/07:

So I've been a part of the N.O. scene for 20 years now. Time flies when you're having fun. I went to my first show on August 16th of 1987. You can read more about that later.

Keeping with the theme of last issue, I contacted Scot Latour, former bassist/vocalist of the 80's New Orleans death/thrash band Incubus (and later in Haate) for an interview. Mike Bevis sent in part 2 of his Nola Underground history series and did an article on Noizefest, Aysia interviewed Bill Heintz of The Pallbearers/The Bills/The Poots/Terroroptics fame, and I did an interview with Scott from A Hanging.

Mike Williams is back helping out with the reviews. Welcome back, Mike!

That's about all for now. Thanks for reading this.

Enjoy,

Bobby Bergeron

Editor, Paranoize 'Zine

Thanks/Hello to: Liz (for letting me be me), Ironworkers Local 58, M. Bevis, Mike Williams, Jen (Aysia), Scot Latour, A Hanging, Haarp, Bill Heintz, Resurrection Man, Dave @Earsplit P.R., Hawg Jaw, Micki, NOLA Underground, Brito, YOU!

SELECT UPCOMING SHOWS

Sept. 8: Haarp/Devil & The Sea/Thou
@ The Bar

Sept. 8: Hawg Jaw/evil Army/A Hanging
@ Banks St. Bar

Sept. 18: Black Tusk/ Haarp/ A Hanging
@ Saturn Bar

Sept. 22: Spickle/A Hanging
@ Banks St. Bar

Sept. 28: Mono/High On Fire/Coliseum
@ One Eyed Jack's

Sept. 30: Turbonegro/Mondo Generator
@ One Eyed Jack's

Oct. 6: Obituary/Alabama Thunderpussy/
Full Blown Chaos/Hemlock
@ The Hangar

Oct. 19: Raise The Dead II featuring:
Graveyard Rodeo/Choke/Red Army
@ Howlin' Wolf

Oct. 22: Strike Anywhere/We Need To Talk
@ Dragon's Den

There's a LOT more happening that isn't listed here. Go to www.noladiy.org or www.nolaunderground.com for more.

INCUBUS

Incubus were among the first thrash deathmetal bands in the 80's New Orleans underground scene. I caught up with original bassist/vocalist Scot Latour to reminisce about his days with Incubus, Haate and the NOLA scene in general.

So when and how did Incubus get started?

We actually started out as a 4-piece with Brian Jeffrey (Haate) on vocals. We played a mix of covers and originals. We did a couple of shows (remember "Waves" on Martin Behrman?) and some studio work. The style was fairly unique and Brian sang with clean vocals. It was along the lines of early RUSH meets

Queensryche. Anyway, Francis and Moyses wanted to go heavier and decided that it would be better if I sang vocals. I had never done it before but went along with it anyway. And so Incubus began.



INCUBUS:

left to right: Scot Latour-bass/vocals, Moyses Howard-drums, Francis Howard-guitar

Incubus, if I remember, was the first death metal band in the New Orleans scene. How was the response when you first started playing shows?

THE first? I guess that's arguable but, we were definitely ONE of the first. It was actually kind of cool in an era and scene that was full of hair-metal bands. I had plenty of musician friends that played the "glam" stuff so the first 5 or 6 shows that we played, we opened for that type of band (Leonyne, Rex). We were generally pretty well received because we were good musicians and generally had more energy than the bands that we opened for. It was a real good way to cut our teeth on performing in front of an audience. Hatchboy (Shell Shock) actually gave us our start on the metal/crossover scene. We opened up for them and got a pretty good response.

What were your favorite and least favorite shows?

This is a tough one because I've always enjoyed playing live. It's hard to pick a favorite but, I always enjoyed playing at Storyville, great venue. My least favorite would have to be when I blew my Carvin head at the VFW Hall. Although I did get to use a sweet Ampeg tube head while mine was being repaired.

What do you miss the most from that era?

I miss the tightness of all of the bands and musicians. Everyone tried to help each other out. We were all breaking new ground in some way or another because the genre was still relatively new, and New Orleans turned out to be a big part of shaping what it became. There was this Exhorder and Incubus feud early on (long story), but I later was friends with all of them and we did a lot of partying together.



FRI. MAY 15th
V.F.W. HALL all ages!
3113 FRANKLIN AVE. (City Center Mall)

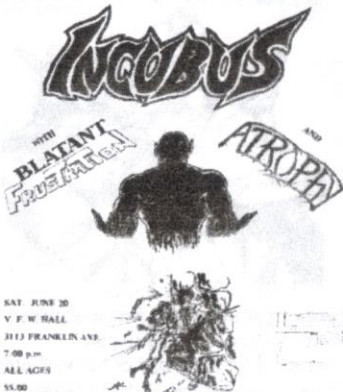
EARLY SHOW
7:00 P.M.

How was your "Supernatural Death" demo received in the underground?

The demo was traded like crazy! We would get mail from people all over the country. Tape trading was pretty big back then and we benefitted from it. We gave Phil (Anseimo) a bunch of tapes and shirts and he helped to spread the word as well.

What's the story behind the label that released your "Serpent Temptation" LP, Brutal Records?

Brutal Records was a subsidiary of Metal Works Records. It was a small label. We signed a one record deal, and had a budget of 20 grand. We were able to get the record done and do a little advertising. To my knowledge Metal Works, along with it's subsidiary(s), went out of business in 1989.



SAT. JUNE 30
V.F.W. HALL
3113 FRANKLIN AVE.
7:00 p.m.
ALL AGES
\$5.00

INCUBUS DEMO TAPE AND T-SHIRT WILL BE SOLD

Did you get any flack in the scene for the Christian lean in your lyrics?

No, and to be honest, I never really got any feedback concerning the lyrics. I have read some reviews that mentioned the christian lean but that's about it. We didn't make it a point to be that way lyrically, it's just how we felt at the time we wrote the stuff.

Wasn't there a 2nd guitarist in the band for a brief period?

Yes. Very brief. We thought that it would thicken the sound by adding another guitarist. We tried out a few guitarists, and a guy named Jason (I'm sorry Jason, I do not recall your last name), played with us for about a month or so, but it just didn't work out.

What's your side of the story behind you parting with Incubus?

Ah! It seems that there are 3-sides to every story. Well after touring for "Serpent", we started working on the new songs, a lot of which had already been written. There was a lot going on in my life at the time. we still had not gotten with a new label, and the brothers decided to fire our manager (their Uncle). I did not agree with the decision, but reluctantly accepted it. I was going through a lot emotionally because I had just lost my Father to cancer. It was right around that time that they came to me at practice and decided that they wanted Francis to be the vocalist. I knew at this point that I could no longer count on Michael (our former-manager) to take my side in matters. I decided to leave the band and get my life together before continuing my music career.

What is your opinion on the re-recording of "Serpent Temptation" with Francis on vocals?

It was a money grab. In my opinion, that's all it was. I was never contacted in regards to re-releasing the original. Whether or not that was ever part of the plan, I don't know. Everything that I wrote was changed so that they were not on the hook to give me any money or credit for it. Which is fine, I was never doing it for the money anyway. It's just the principle of the whole thing. I just think that it was a pretty shitty thing to do overall.

After Incubus, you went on to play bass for Haate; how did this band get started?

I had a blast with Haate. We got started because we all knew each other from the bar scene (Dino's, Last Stop, etc.). We were all friends/acquaintances already so it was a fun and relaxing thing for me to get back into playing again. We started from the beginning as strictly originals. We started out as a 4-piece (Me, Jay Gracianette, James Landry, Willie Larkin), and we wrote and practiced about 4 songs before trying out singers. When I found out that Brian Jeffrey was available, I immediately wanted him (we played together briefly in early-Incubus and I always thought that he was a better frontman than I was), but everyone insisted that we have tryouts. We tried out several and in the long run decided on Brian. The rest, as they say, is history.



HAATE

Left to right: Willie Larkin-drums, Jay Gracianette-guitar, Scot Latour-bass, Brian Jeffrey-vocals



What were your favorite and least favorite Haate shows?

I don't recall any least favorite shows. I enjoyed playing live with Haate. One of my favorites was when we played at City Park. It was as hot as hell but I had fun.

How did Haate come to an end?

As we started getting bigger in popularity we started to have some infighting, as every band eventually runs into. We had already become a 4-piece, when James left the band by mutual decision. I decided to leave the band and move to Atlanta in June of '91 for a change of scenery. I just felt that when it was no longer fun for me it was time to move on. I ruffled some feathers with my decision, and probably didn't handle it in the best of ways, but we're all still friends.

Which band did you enjoy playing for the most?

Now this is a hard question to answer because, I enjoyed being in both bands. There were differences in the two, so I can't say that I have a preference. Haate was a lot more fun as far as practicing (less of a job), and life outside of the band. But because of the success that Incubus achieved I had a lot of good times with them as well.

What are you up to nowadays?

I work for a large communications company in Atlanta. I've been married for almost 8 years, and have a son who turns 5 in September. I still love Metal and support as many metal bands as I can.

Thanks for the interview, Scot! Any final comments, suggestions, Recipe, remedies etc.?

Thanks to everyone who still shows interest in The Original Incubus, and continues to spread our music around the world. Moyses called me about 4 years ago and asked if I would be interested in doing an Incubus reunion. I told him that I would but, I haven't heard from him since then. The debut album's twenty year reunion is just around the corner. I want fans out there to know that it could still happen, it's not out of the realm of possibility. Continue to support metal on a local, national, and international level. Metal will never die! \m/

I was having a discussion with a co-worker one day during my brief-but-dramatic (borderline *traumatic*) tenure as a Guitar Center door girl. We were talking about movies, I believe. I mentioned that I always wanted to act, but I got the shaft in my high school Drama Club by a director who thought that, although I had a gift for singing, I'd be better off as "Eel #2" in our production of *The Little Mermaid*. As my dreams were thwarted early, they were also pushed to the backburner. But, as usual, I digress. My co-worker mentioned, "You ought to talk to Bill in drums. You know, he's a movie producer."

"What? The Pallbearers guy? Then, what's he doing working here? What movies has he made?"

"I don't know, but they were horror movies, like B-movies, I think."

"Huh. I wonder if he works with those Terror Optics guys... And, he's in The Poots, too, isn't he? I can't even make time to write. I always wind up doing everything at the last minute when I have a deadline to meet. How does he do it?"

So, I've decided to find out. In a world of speed and convenience, where everyone moans about finding the time to do the most menial tasks, how does this man manage to bring all of his interests to life? What exactly is Bill Heintz up to these days? Better yet, what ISN'T he up to? In the local arena, this man is somehow involved in all things horror. He makes films, and he makes records; but, he has also designed and/or drawn so many of the flyers for our punk scene, that chances are, you've seen and maybe even brought home his work, and didn't even realize it. I caught up with him, and we have been struggling to get this interview off the ground, thanks not only to my innate proclivity for procrastination, but also to the shortcomings and failureS of the Myspace messaging system. (Thanks for nothing, Tom. And you wonder why everyone deletes your profile immediately.) So, here it is: a discussion with the drummer for The Pallbearers, the guitarist for The Poots and The Bills, a founding partner of both Terror Optics and Rectum Records, NOLA's premier punk-rock poster boy (pun intended), and your GC accessories DM..... BILL HEINTZ.

J. - Why don't we start with you telling me a little bit about *The Pallbearers*, *The Poots*, *The Bills*, *Terror Optics*, and *Rectum Records*? Also, describe your role in each project, and talk about how much of a part you play in the writing, direction, and production of each.

B. - **The Pallbearers**: Well, me and my brother, Richie, started it in 1997 with him singing and me on drums. We've been through a shitload of guitarists and bassists, but we keep it going. We just got Severin (Bonaparte Lagard) on guitar, and ole Howie Doin (Reason of Insanity) is still tearing it up on the bass. We've had some pretty crazy shows over the years: a lot of fights, arrests, self-mutilation, ya know? It keeps things interesting. We just finished recording an album with our last guitarist, Brun (Nassty Habits), and it should be out on disc later this year. **The Poots**: The Poots started off as a joke, really. I would record all the music on a four-track, then Ric and I would go



back and lay down the lyrics, and usually be pretty ripped when we did it. But, we got a good response from the CD's we put out, so we made it a real band. Ric on lead vocals, myself on guitar, and Cap joined up on drums, with Matt (aka, "Poo Powers") on bass. We're kind of on a hiatus now, but we still practice every few weeks. If there's any wig shops looking to sponsor us, please feel free to contact us. Our other ones have been run through the course. **Terror Optics**: It all kicked off with the film, *Attack of the Cockface Killer*, in 2001. That movie was a serious crash course in filmmaking, but we survived. Jason [Matheme] directs and handles the bulk of the work, while I mostly do production design and all the music. After *Cockface*, we did a few short films, then *Stabbed in the Face*; and, we recently wrapped up our third feature, *Goregasm*. It'll be premiering November 3rd at the McAllister Auditorium, so we're excited. This one's a million times better than our other films. We really busted ass on this one, but it was worth it.

The Bills: Right after we finished filming *Cockface*, we did a short film called, *The Smelly Greaser*. I laid down some surf tunes for the soundtrack, and it just stuck. After a few years of sporadic recordings, I put together a disc. It recently became a full band with Marvin (Die Rotz) on bass, Dave (The Dirtys) on drums, and Jamie on organ. Top it off with go-go dancers, and we got a killer show. It's still mostly instrumental, but we'll be working some more vocals and some trumpet into the mix. **Rectum Records**: In 2005, I was putting together a compilation of local bands with Jason, and I just jokingly put "Rectum Records" as the label. We had a release party at Lounge Lizards for it, then the hurricane hit, and this provided The Poots with a few weeks of unemployment. We put together a disc, and "Rectum Records" seemed appropriate for "The Poots", so I stuck with the name. Now, we've got a few Pallbearers CD's and movie soundtracks, so it's slowly-but- surely developing. Eventually, I'd like to put out more local bands, when I can afford it.

J. - Usually, brothers in bands are infamous for "bad blood" and heated public arguments. Take the Robinsons of *The Black Crowes* and those guys from *Oasis*. What's it like to be in a band with your brother? Is there ever any sibling rivalry that carries over into the band, or band squabbles that affect your personal relationship? What's your relationship with

The Hardest Working Man in NOLA – Bill Heintz 8/29/07

Richie like outside of The Pallbearers? Growing up?

B. - Nothing serious. Rich is cool as hell, he always made sure I was listening to cool music and shit when I was growing up. He's the reason I'm into what I'm into, ya know? We share the same goal - to make people sick - so, there's definitely no creative differences.

J. *Does it ever create any conflict amidst the ranks that you have so many projects going simultaneously? Do you ever feel like it's too much, like you need to take a break from some of it? How do you find balance, how do you find the time? Do you ever feel like maybe you favor some projects over others, and neglect some things? Do you ever catch the feeling that some of your associates feel "neglected", or that some things take longer to complete than they should because you're overextended?*

B. - It all depends on the way things fall into place. Sometimes everything's smooth and spaced-out, but then all kind of shit will hit at the same time and it gets to be crazy. Right now, it's fucking chaos, but I'm enjoying it. I just take it one step at a time. Finding the time is the hard part. But, I always give it all I've got with each project; so hopefully, nobody feels neglected. Obviously, scheduling conflicts arise along the way, but it hasn't been much of a problem.

J. *How did you start designing drawing flyers?*

What other mediums do you create (besides music, flyers, & film)? I also want to talk about your artistic inspirations, especially in your visual art, and where you plan to or would like to go with your art. Do you ever hope to do something else with it, in addition to flyers and CD/DVD covers, or is it just something you enjoy doing on the side?

B. - When my band, The Penetrations, started doing shows in 1994, I gladly took on the job of designing flyers for the gigs. I had been drawing my whole life, mostly Iron Maiden covers as a little kid; then, around 10 or 11 [years old], I would always draw Misfits and Subhumans covers, shit like that. Anyway, a few years later, I started doing work for Devil Dolls and ended up designing flyers for a large chunk of the punk shows that passed through New Orleans. I still draw a decent amount of flyers, but in 2003, I was drawing one every few days. There's not as many cool shows passing through here these days, though. I also paint a little, and have done some sculpture; but recently, I've been tapping into silk screen. Right now, it's really just to make shirts for my bands and stuff, but soon, I'd like to print shirts for local bands and businesses. We'll see how it goes.

I'm inspired by a lot, ya know? Horror movies, true crime, 50's delinquency, late 70's punk, everyday crap, all kinds of things. With filmmaking, I'm heavily inspired by John Waters, and horror directors like Dario Argento and George Romero - although our films end up more like H.G. Lewis' or Jess Franco's. I always thought I'd make a career of my art, but now it's become secondary to music and films. Overall, I'd like to write and direct films, and the art has really helped me pull a lot of shit together. I'm just going to keep it up and see where it takes me.

J. *I know you're one of the many local artists who are going to be featured at the Rock Art Circus. What exactly is the "Rock Art Circus", for the informed readers?*

B. - Steve Williams puts it on, and this'll be the second year. It's a real cool show with live music, burlesque, video art, and over two dozen local artists displaying their work. It's September 1st at The Big Top, and the artists' work will be up through the rest of the month. I'm just showing a selection of flyers from over the years. Last year was a lot of fun.

J. *What do you have coming up for each project?*

What are some noteworthy things that have happened recently for each? Where do you see yourself in one year? How about each project? Five years? Ten more??

B. - The Pallbearers are playing September 28th at the Hi-Ho Lounge with JFA, and also on October 5th with Twatstompa at Tarantula Arms on Decatur. We'll also be recording some new stuff soon for another CD early next year. The Poots have a brown gem in the vaults, and will soon be releasing it to the public. We've got a 20-song CD that just needs to be mixed, so it should be hitting soon. The Bills will be playing another show in early December, but in the meantime, I'm going to Memphis to record 3 songs at Sun Studio for a 7", due out around Mardi Gras. The Projections, a side project with my buddies, Norm and Tim, will be performing at the Goregasm premiere on November 3rd. It's kind of a tradition for us to play at the film premieres. Also, Terror Optics will be stepping into a fourth feature length film in early November, so keep your eyes peeled.

In a few years, I'd like to be doing the same thing, but on a higher level. I just finished a script, so I'd like to make the film, when time permits. I've got a lot of shit planned, so for now, I'll just try to make those things happen.

J. *Definitely keep us posted. We haven't even touched on The Penetrations, so that in itself sounds like a story for another day. As it is, I ran out of room about two pages ago, so hopefully, you won't need a magnifying glass to read this interview. Thanks for taking the time to bullshit with me. Anything you'd like to add?*

B. - I'd just like to thank you for the interview, and thank Bobby for keeping this 'zine going. I'd also like to thank my girlfriend, Dana, and my brother, Richie, for all the help over the years. Cheers!

-----Jenn A.

8/29/07

**Check out the Terror Optics website for videos, MP3's, trailers, and merch: www.terroroptics.com. Also, check out these Myspace profiles:*

The Pallbearers:

www.myspace.com/neworleanspallbearers

The Poots: www.myspace.com/daspoots

The Bills: www.myspace.com/horrorsurf

Terror Optics: www.myspace.com/terroropticsllc

Rectum Records: www.myspace.com/rectumrecords

a hanging

A Hanging is former members of Daisy, Rise Above and Hammur Shit bashing out some vicious hardcore. This is an interview with guitarist Scot Walle.

www.myspace.com/ahanging

So who's in the band and how did you get together?

Alix: Vocals, Thomas: Bass, Billy Bones: Drums. Scott (Scorilla): Guitar/Backing Vocals.

Alix had just joined Daisy when a horrific tragedy struck. Ryan their guitar player and dear friend, died. After some time away from music, they started looking for a guitar player for a new band. With Rise Above on hiatus or whatever, I was looking for something new, I answered the call. We jammed, wrote some songs quickly, had a great chemistry. Wrote some more tunes.... Here we are.

How would you describe your sound?

I guess it starts with Hardcore; mix in some sludge, some metal, some rock .Shake it up and Serve with lots of alcohol.

How has the response been at your shows so far?

incredible. People seem to really enjoy our shows. Lots of energy to feed off.

Any plans for a demo anytime soon?

We're working on it. we have 3 songs recorded. Hopefully in the next few weeks we'll have more.

What is your opinion on the New Orleans scene?

I guess it's like every other scene, We have some great original talented bands. and then there are the rip off artists, that have great equipment and Sound exactly like every band you see on Headbangers Ball. Personally I'd rather see a band that

is original and sucks, than a band that sounds like everybody else. So please stop with the "diggity diggity wee, diggitydiggitywee wee" shit!!!!

What have you been listening to lately?

Cephalic Carnage-Xenosapien, Steel Pulse-True Democracy and Slayer have been in my cd player recently And a lot of old Thrash.. Exodus, Testament, Flotsam & Jetsam.....



What was the first "underground" show you've ever attended? What were your thoughts?

1987, Shell Shock, I don't even remember where it was, or who played with them. I finally got to see someone play fast, like I was trying to, I had just started really playing guitar, I went home and practiced my ass off.

How do you see the state of New Orleans in the next 10 years?

If people don't get off their asses and do something for themselves, Right down the shitter. I hope not, This is a unique city filled with incredible people who are hard working and care about themselves and the city. But there seems to be a part of the population that don't want to help themselves and in turn create chaos for the rest.

Any final comments, suggestions, recipes, remedies, etc.?

Support your local bands, not just the ones who are signed, the ones slugging it out in the clubs and bars sweating and bleeding to entertain you!!

In Defense And Admiration Of The NOLA Underground Part 2

As with all local music scenes, there are bands, venues, and supporters who often fade away too fast, never quite getting their day in the sun. NOLA is filled with tales of bands that are absolute legends, bands that are invariably name-dropped whenever someone brings up "the old days." Some of the bands listed in this installment of the series were amazing, but most never had the funds or wherewithal to record and tour. Others fell victim to the rare affliction that some bands share down here—they get happy with rabid local success, and are either satisfied with it, or peter out when the thrill is gone and all they have to show for it is a lot of free drinks and a box of unsold t-shirts.

Some of the bands described herein were short-lived. Some have mutated and still work as local musicians to this day. Some just disappeared; never to be heard from again. Whatever the cause, these are the bands that never made it too far from home, but are still extremely vital to the overall shaping of the NOLA underground. I'll start back where it makes the most sense, back in the early years of NOLA hardcore/punk, and try to move forward from there as much as possible.

Of course, prior to the slow rise of hardcore/metal in NOLA, there were two bands that actually made some progress as pure punk outfits—the RED ROCKERS and The NORMALS. Both bands were more accessible to modern ears, but back then at the end of the 70's, they were our only real examples of anything resembling an underground look or feel. The Normals were our best kept local secret, as they did record an LP, toured more than a bit, and then sort of just... folded. There are still bootlegs of that album, and even some video of live performances, but that is all that remains of their legacy. Check them out if you want to see where a good part of it all began down here.

As for the Red Rockers, anyone who remembers the early days of MTV will also cringe at the thought of the Rockers video for their one hit, with the band all dressed in horrible red leather outfits. They fell apart after the single dropped from the charts, and sadly never regained local attention as a result. Funny thing is, they had done just fine as a local band, playing a decidedly more edgy style that predated many bands in the area. They also supported the likes of the ADOLESCENTS and BLACK FLAG on nationwide tours, which only made their video debut even more surprising. As of this writing, little has been heard of what became of the members of the Rockers.

Back in those early days, there wasn't a whole hell of a lot going on. There were few places to put on gigs, and usually after one or two shows, the owners would shut the door to anything that even smelled like a punk show. Being the Deep South, we got our fair share of action from touring groups, but the really big scenes were out on the other coasts, therefore creating a drought of good live hardcore. In-between the bigger gigs, a few local acts started to play out, most notably SHELL SHOCK and GRAVEYARD RODEO.

One of the other bands that were consistent was the DISAPPOINTED PARENTS. They had a solid, up-tempo style of hardcore, and even managed to release a 7" record. The highlight of that hard-to-find gem is not only the standout track "Am I Getting Through? (through to you)", but also the incorporating even-handed production—a rarity in that time before digital soundboards. Despite a great initial offering and scene support, the group disbanded after only a few years.

The other major group of that early 80's scene was a band that is legend to some of the older NOLA hardcore kids. The SLUTS were one of our most promising acts for a good few years, releasing an EXTREMELY hard to find 12" of their twisted version of hardcore. Although much more of a Punk-n-Roll band in aural attack, it was the antics of the band that shaped their performances. Singer Dave Slut would contort, antagonize the audience both verbally and physically, most

times running from the stage to the back of the club and beyond with a 100 ft. microphone cord. Right before their breakup, rumors persisted that the legendary BLACK FLAG was auditioning singers since Dez was switching to guitar, and that Dave Slut was trying out for the position, as was a kid from D. C. named Henry Rollins. ... and we all know what happened there. If you can, do yourself a favor and find "12" of Slut's—their only recorded output, and a milestone in NOLA underground music.

As the scene started to grow in small but steady increments, other bands started and finished in sometimes the span of a year, give or take. This was usually due to the lack of places to play in the early days, as most clubs were hostile to punks. The ROSE TATTOO would host a random gig, over by Tipitina's, which would always welcome big name acts like the BAD BRAINS. There were countless American Legion hall shows, and then there was JED'S, a decent two-level bar that hosted some massive shows in the mid 80's. There was also a pseudo-punk bar called Andy Cap's, but they would only hold really good gigs every blue moon. Locally, SURFIN' JESUS was making a name for themselves, but broke up without ever really committing any music to tape. The same could be said for the bizarre hardcore of BLAH, who helped to shake up the scene here, but never left any evidence of their sound behind.

Around 1984, something took a firm hold on the NOLA underground. What was starting to peter out in other major cities was just hitting its stride here, and our little scene exploded with bands that still inspire more than a few of us who were lucky enough to attend those shows.

The band most often cited from that time is the VIRUL NIHILS, who wielded a furious, precision hardcore assault. Essentially a bunch of seasoned Harahan dudes who really knew how to play their instruments, the Nihilis were an amazing live show—they blew more than a few big-time bands off the stage, and were always a good time with their ridiculous onstage banter. Ancient local myths persist of demo tapes that were never released, and hopefully one day that will be resolved. If there is one band that crystallized the school of urgent, aggressive hardcore for the NOLA scene, it's the Virul Nihilis, and they deserve a document of their contribution as such.

Despite the fact that I'm obviously still a huge fan of the Nihilis, there were a few other bands that were gigging constantly, and also released demo tapes that still get traded to this day. The SPOILED BRATS, who were from all over the New Orleans area and beyond, always traded in high-energy, scene positive hardcore. They would do shows at Cafe' Brasil, back when you could get away with that sort of thing, and have the audience singing along by halfway through the set. Sadly, the various members split due to real world concerns such as school and children, but their demo tape is still out there, and worth the search for what remains a great example of NOLA hardcore.

Although Chaos Horde hailed from Baton Rouge, they were a powerful contender in the 80's metal/hardcore underground at that time. The band played numerous shows in the New Orleans area alongside bands such as Exhorder, Graveyard Rodeo, and the Slugs. The band's style could best be described as having the aggressiveness and speed of hardcore yet incorporating the intricate rhythm and lead playing of heavy metal. The band has remained inactive over the years but still maintains an almost legendary status. Fans of the local metal scene are always on the lookout for hard-to-find demos and recordings. "Needle Damage", from the 1988 Metal Blade compilation, "Metal Massacre 9" can still be found, and other songs were recorded in Baton Rouge around 1986. Their demo has just been re-released by Psycho Wolf Records, on vinyl no less! There are only 500 pressings, so if you want a piece of NOLA history—get ordering.

Now, in the last installment of this series I profiled the hugely

In Defense And Admiration Of The NOLA Underground Part 2

popular underground metal act ACID BATH. What many don't know is that there was another act with that same name right here in NOLA, existing around '85 until 1987 or '88. ACID BATH was a three piece hardcore group, with each of the members singing, although their harmonies were more like accusations than entertainment. Their lyrical subject matter was not for the squeamish: with tracks such as "Somebody Castrated My Dog", the original Acid Bath was as hilarious at times, but also just as wonderfully abrasive as any of the other bands that played out back then. Their "What a Drag" demo is easier to find than most, and is another great document from that era of NOLA hardcore.

As these bands came and went, only one thing really changed during that time to our scene. Most of the places to play were drying up, and bands were passing the city up. There was the summer of '86, when a bunch of people pitched in and bought a huge surplus U.S. Army mess tent. Set up over by the Christian Brothers School in City Park, there were a few really hot, sweaty shows there, but they still rocked. Then, out of the darkness came a light, providing the catalyst for the NOLA underground's most revered memory.

Someone, and I can't remember exactly who, found an ancient, dilapidated VFW hall out on Franklin Ave., in New Orleans East. The place was a shithole, but otherwise it was heaven for us punks: male/female bathrooms that worked (most of the time), ample room for a stage and an audience, and best of all it was all alone at the top of a hill, with nothing but a railroad trestle as it's neighbor. Amazing. After a few shows it was realized that we could get away with anything we wanted there, as long as the rental fee was paid every night. Most of the aforementioned bands either played their last shows at the VFW on Franklin, or at least one of their last. So many bands came and went during the 2+ year run of the VFW that it would be impossible to list them all, but there are some that still hold fascination for true fans of the NOLA underground.

There was F.U.K. (Fucked Up Kids) who changed their name to CATCH 22, who played hardcore modeled after the anthemic thrash style of New York, with a slight British influence. And there was BLATANT FRUSTRATION, who took their Black Flag fandom so seriously they did a whole set of covers by them one night. Despite the fact that they only played a few shows, SUBSTANCE ABUSE shows are still talked about to this day. The five-piece, skinheads-on-dope outfit not only featured punishing, lock-step hardcore, but also a young teenage runaway named DAVEY HARRIS on vocals, who wasn't afraid to talk shit to anyone stupid enough to heckle a bunch of smashed skins. Their drummer, JERRY PARADIS has gone on to play in a few local acts, until he was drafted by the amazingly sick sludge group SOUR VEIN.

Another name that might not be familiar with some newer kids is ARMED RESPONSE. Hailing from Metairie, they also had the New York style down, although there were definite traces of thrash as well. They released a few demo tapes, and even got in a silly-ass fight with the yellow journalism rag MAXIMUMROCKNROLL over some song lyrics. Of course, this was just the beginning of a long-standing musical collaborative, as founding members MIKE DARES and GARY MADER went on to form HAWG JAW out of the wreckage of ARMED RESPONSE and haven't stopped since.

Now, no listing of that time would be even near complete without the inclusion of THE FLAGRANTZ. Maybe no other band listed here has been so mythologized, for so many reasons locally. The Flagrantz were from New Orleans East, and had digested a steady diet of both Metal AND Punk, and were the line that divided the two scenes, although they did as much to unite the two scenes as possibly even EXHORDER. In the best sense, The Flagrantz were tight and brutal, with a desperate, violent style of thrash. At times it seemed as if they were a scene unto themselves, their crew would roll in, and all Hell would break loose when they played. They were ready to go in

to record a demo, the crowds were only getting bigger for their VFW gigs, everything was looking good when tragedy struck. Sadly, The Flagrantz were to suffer one of the first major losses of the scene with the passing of vocalist Craig Spera. With no way to replace his great stage presence and unmistakable growl, the band fell apart, and The Flagrantz passed on to legendary status almost immediately.

Around this same time, another group was scalding the extremities of the NOLA underground, one that carries a certain mythic status as well. SUFFOCATION BY ELTH, led by EYEHATEGOD frontman MICHAEL D. WILLIAMS were only around for a short time, but they played a sick spectacle of hardcore/metal that was always entertaining, both for their proficiency and their fuck-all attitudes. They never released a demo, but there are some recordings out there if you look hard enough. Mr. Williams went on to play in the more industrial DRIP in the 90's, until duties with EYEHATEGOD forced that group to fold as well. Again, the demos are out there, for the dedicated collector.

As the 80's started to turn into the 90's, the mixing of the hardcore and metal scenes was almost total due to the VFW hall's relentless schedule of gigs and the emergence of speed metal into the national consciousness. By the end of the halcyon days of the Franklin VFW hall, you could catch a variety of acts on any given night of the week. You had metal nights, hardcore bashes, and weird-outs with local experimental/psych bands such as INSANE DREGS of SOCIETY or SATURNALIA. Where there was once acrimony between the metal and hardcore scenes, the days following the closing of the VFW was a seeming harmony, and the music that some of the new groups of that time were serving up were potent indicators of what the NOLA underground was evolving into. As hardcore started its nationwide decline, new hybrids were being wrought, and the 90's would turn out to be the logical next step for the NOLA underground.

One band that caused a ton of arguments around town was INCUBUS. Not to be confused with the pop band of the same name, this Incubus was pure metal, and full of hubris. To see them live, you'd think that they were playing a packed arena, and this caused many of the older hardcore kids to cringe when they would play. They did release an LP titled "Serpent Temptation", and from what I can remember, were either one of those bands that people either loved or hated. Incubus moved to Florida and changed out their vocal duties, releasing another album in the process. "Serpent Temptation" was the re-released with new vocals cut, but after then changing their name to Opprobrium, and yet another album, they faded away.

One local band that never seemed to get the praise they deserved from that time was PARALYSIS. With HEADRUSH guitarist TONY WHITE, and SOILENT GREEN vocalist BEN FALGOUT backed by a frenetic rhythm section, Paralysis was NOLA's first real taste of local Death Metal—a little grind, a bit more black at times, but still far more caustic than most anything the local metal scene had brought forth up to that time. Paralysis disbanded in the early 90's due to internal problems, but not before they had left a bit of a legacy... their full-length cd, "Patrons of the Dark" is still traded to this day by encyclopedic metal heads in the know.

Another act that was essential to that era was NUCLEAR CRUCIFIXION, fronted by NOLA legend GLENN RAMBO. This was pre-SOILENT GREEN, and was a good glimpse into the mayhem that group would evoke. Dirty but technically solid metal, with a tinge of local hardcore was Nuclear Crucifixion's domain, and until they split they had a devoted following that would travel all the way out to the simple suburb of Harahan to see them gig at yet another old Lion's home/VFW hall. This is another one of those local bands that left behind scant recordings, but I've heard that they exist, so good luck. Also short-lived but equally punishing was the viscous sludge act BROTHERHOOD OF IGNORANCE. Down-tuned and antagonistically incorrect, they played mostly

In Defense And Admiration Of The NOLA Underground Part 2

in the R.C. BRIDGE LOUNGE days, and had a pretty good demo tape out, although I've not heard of it in some time. And there was RED ARMY, who played more of a metal/rock style, with working-class songs and attitude to spare. Also of note was DESTITUTE SAVIOR, who enjoyed a huge following from the metal contingent of the underground, but also disbanded after a few good years playing locally. They had the tenets of thrash down pat, and played some anarchistic shows that were as blasphemous as they were enjoyable.

Right around this point, another sort of hardcore/metal offspring was being brought to the local scene, although there were other dark influences at work as well... NIPPLES OF ISIS, refugees from early hardcore legends SURFIN' JESUS, were our answer to the BUTTHOLE SURFERS, and put on some terrifyingly heavy, psychedelic shows to jam-packed crowds who wanted to trip out to the Nipples bastard sonic marriage. Unfortunately, the Nipples disbanded before they could compile a good batch of recordings. Around the same time, my own group, GIMP was laying the foundation for the first real noise/punk outfit to assault the NOLA underground, and we were one of the first bands to record and release our own cd-r album, titled "Schizophrenic Responses to a Mad World". It's almost impossible to find, although the stage is set for a re-release after some remixing. We existed on and off for almost 12 years, only calling it quits when the other founding member ROBERT MCCOLLEY passed away in 2003. Robert was also known for his more industrial group with former ACID BATH drummer BRAD LABORDE called GUS the PLUMBER. As with GIMP, the recordings that have survived are being prepared for re-release.

At about the mid-point of the 90's, the emphasis on metal and hardcore in the NOLA underground was muted a bit, as a more progressive shade of music took center stage. This didn't stop things one bit, but there was a definite slowing of the rate of new acts. That being said, one of the groups that was gone too soon without any major documentation left behind was WEEDEATER, an instrumental three-piece outfit that used a drum machine for percussive duties. They had a decidedly metallic sheen to their sound, but were futurist in their vision and direction. One moment they would crush you with the weight of a collapsing star, and the next they could shine out with ringing harmonics. The passing of founding member CLIFF RAYBURN changed the game for them, and after a time they changed their name to PHANTOM POWER, splitting a short time later. JASON PORTERA, founding Weedeater member and the man who now masterminds guitar duties in current local sensation PITTS vs. PREPS has stated that he will release some old demos that have been waiting for over a decade to be heard... only time will tell.

DULAC SWADE was another great live band of that time and one of the first to really nail the hardcore/metal hybrid that NOLA is outwardly famous for. Their singer E.P. was a madman, screaming and bellowing, always a ball of energy. They released some 7" singles in their angrier days, but by the time they released a proper full-length CD, they had shifted gears and acquired a new singer. The sound was still distorted and aggressive, but much more polished and almost commercially aware. After Dulac Swade went on indefinite hiatus, the members went on to form SPICKLE, who trade in instrumental tunes that border on sheer genius. Spickle will be explored further on in this series, as they are still gigging to this day, and are a vital part of our current scene post-Katrina.

Also essential was THE BLACK PROBLEM, who was arguably one of the more technically proficient bands in the city. They had an obvious love for the legendary SST band THE MINUTEMEN, and aside from some misconceptions about the meaning of their name (it wasn't racist in nature), they enjoyed some memorable shows. They were a fun band to see live, with a good sense of humor and even better material. After some time, a small shakeup in their roster occurred and they changed their name to LUMP—releasing two amazing discs of well produced Rock/Punk, that had its tongue planted

firmly in cheek at times.

One of my personal favorite bands from the 90's was THE DIRTYTYS. Another product of the city of Chalmette, the Dirtytys were about as politically incorrect as a band could be, with insults and provocation constantly hurled by their irascible frontman MICKEY JEANFREU. Also featuring original members of the early Soilent Green, the Dirtytys were great live, as most shows were punctuated by flying chairs and tables. Their down-tuned, stentorian grooves were the perfect backdrop for Mickey's rants on anything and everything sick, although he always knew how to make the audience laugh in the process. It only makes sense that after the Dirtytys released a demo tape, they parted ways... too much mayhem. But, in the place of the Dirtytys rose FIGHT the GOOBER—one of NOLA's most mythologized bands yet. F.T.G. weren't so much of a band as an event. Sure, DONOVAN PUNCH was there, playing his guitar as only he can, and Mickey was on vocal duties (sort of) but the REAL reason people went nuts over the band was the fact that they hosted a fight club of sorts whilst they played. For the duration of a song, always improvised, either Mickey or other members of the audience were able to don boxing gloves and pound the shit out of each other. Although every show they played was talked about for weeks afterward, the mayhem that accompanied their shows was too much to continue, and the live nature of their act made it almost impossible to capture on disc. Rumors persist of a reunion, and as of this writing, seem to be true.

RAT IN A BUCKET were also from this time period, actually disbanding after Katrina struck. Dealing in furious, old school hardcore, they were one of the better bands to really embody what the influence of the early years of the NOLA sound had wrought. These kids had it down: the look, the feel, the loose yet furious sound; NOLA lost something special when they split. They did leave behind a good amount of recorded demos on cd format, so get on the search.

Also of note in the later years of the underground was CANCER PATIENT, who were one of the more disturbing black metal bands of the scene. They released a couple of singles showcasing their dual-vocalist, blistering assault. They split before they made any real progress, but were still a great band to see live, as they had a way of getting their crowd amped up and aggressive. Word of late is that Bloated Goat Records will be releasing a posthumous 7" (2 songs) of their caustic mayhem... here's hoping.

As I've tried to document this more unknown aspect of our scene, I know that there are more than a few bands I have omitted, either by choice or by accident. I can only provide a hearty apology for anyone who might feel slighted by this editorial decision, as space and time only allowed for the bands mentioned. What I have tried to accomplish this time around was to show that not only do we have had some amazing local acts that have made it outside of our borders, we also had some legendary bands that were all ours, if only for a short time. These were the bands that never got their due, yet could have and most definitely should have. These bands, some more than others, helped to shape the tone and direction of the NOLA underground, and are just as essential to a dedicated listener as any of the other big-name acts that most people name drop when discussing our history.

In the next installment, I hope to touch on the less metal/hardcore bands that still made an impact on the scene, despite their less aggressive musical choices. Again, we will see that there is much to be lauded in the history of the NOLA underground—much that is ignored or forgotten by almost every other local music publication that supposedly cherishes the musical contributions of New Orleans.

REVIEWS

Bands and record labels are encouraged to send in cds and vinyl to Paranoize for review.

While the main coverage in Paranoize is metal (thrash, death, doom, etc.), hardcore (old school and, for shits n' giggles, even that new stuff that the kiddies are prancing around to these days), sludge, punk, and straight up rock n' roll, you're welcome to send your emo screamo whatever garbage. After all, we need something to make fun of. If we trash your band, just get over it. We are not going to kiss your ass because you put out a fucking record.

That said, may send your recordings to:
Paranoize
P.O. Box 15554
New Orleans, LA 70175-5554
U.S.A.

Have a splendid fucking day.

Akercoke
Antichrist
Earache Records
So it's 8 o'clock on a Saturday morning. Got my first cup of coffee in front of me and slipped the first 5 review cd's into the stereo. So far, my day is starting off splendid. This is another one of those bands who I've heard nothing but good things about, but never got the chance to actually hear them. Brutal, tight, Satanic death metal with black metal-y and goth-y, doom-y stuff thrown in to keep it fresh. Vocals range from demonic growls and shrieks to clean vocals where it's appropriate. Even during the clean, mellow parts, the double bass drumming is still prevalent. Yep, I'll be listening to this a LOT. This lil' piece of spinning plastic has made up for that last little . (Bobby Bergeron)

Aiden
Conviction
Victory Records
You've got to be fucking kidding me, right? I knew there was a reason I didn't put this cd in the correct alphabetical order. As I look into the review pile, I see a ton of

Victory titles, with band names that just scream EMO/POP. FUCKING GARBAGE. I will now put this cd under my truck tire and roll over it repeatedly. Their little bio sheet claims "Aiden has graced the cover of Alternative Press, Metal Edge, Kerrang! & More!" They can now add "Trashed by Paranoize" to that list. (Bobby Bergeron)

All Out War
Assassins In The House Of God
Victory
Wow. Can you say 'Slayer fixation'? New York jarhead aesthetics with an insane healthy hatred of Christianity just like yer boys from 'Hell Awaits'. All Out do the Hanneman, King, and Lombardo-isms to the extreme fucking point of obsessiveness, man. Of course these guys imitate, but cannot re-produce. It's a trip. Like if Sick of It All went off the edge and jumped head on into re-writing 'Reign In Blood' with a bunch of Doc Marten Skins jabbing the floor and wind milling in the circle pit in the shape of a pentagram in the studio. I mean I know these two genres crossed over a bit, with bands like Carnivore and Cro-mags etc...but, 'Curtain Call for the Crucified' is so 'Angel Of Death' it's not even funny. Ride cymbals all ting ting, thuddayathuddaya double deuce bass drumming, wawwwwnnnnnn, wiiiiinnnwaahnnn yinnyyiiiinnnyinnn whammy bar like my nigga's Kerry and Jeff. It's all here. Only difference really is the vocals. A.O.W.'s voice dude kicks it like a chubbier, more satanic Roger Miret (from Agnostic Front, you twats). Sample lyric: (think 'slow death, immense decay...') "Slow death as their lives decay- a dying world now struggles for breath - legions of demons rise from their graves - the faithful are praying for death - bring forth the crooked cross...etc." O.K., those words are par for the course in the death/black metal world, right?? Well this is a whole 'nother world my man. I'd go see 'em for the sheer violence of it all. Someone could get hurt. BAD. Mosh hard and crush the priest, pally. (Mike IX Williams)

A Perfect Murder
War Of Aggression
Victory Records
After hearing their last album that sounded like rejected Pantera material (most of you know how I feel about Pantera in the first place), and seeing the cover art to this, which is a CONFEDERATE FLAG WITH A FLEUR-DE-LIS IN THE CENTER OF IT (I guess I should point out that these guys are from CANADA) I was set to totally rip on this. While the vocals are still Anselmo-worship, musically, this time around it seems they've dropped the groove and breakdowns and have adopted a tight, straight-forward thrash sound that somewhat reminds me of early Testament. Of course this is just the first few songs. As I delve further into the album, I'm hearing more re-hashed Pantera riffs, and the vocals are annoying the shit out of me. (Bobby Bergeron)

A Vision Grotesque
King Of The Massacre
Room Temperature Records-
www.roomtemperaturerecords.com
Damn fine metal here. There's a little bit of everything thrown in. Death metal, black metal, and a smidge of the chugga chugga metal-core stuff that the kiddies are into these days. Very tight band with dynamic vocals and excellent songs that aren't drawn out or repetitive at all. I'm really surprised that a bigger label hasn't picked up this band yet. (Bobby Bergeron)

Baroness/Gunpersons (split cd)
A Grey Sigh In A Flower Husk
At A Loss Recordings
What is it about Savannah, Georgia that breeds some of the heaviest, dirtiest sounding bands? Out of Savannah has come Damad, Kylesa, Black Tusk, and of course the 2 bands on this split: Baroness and Unpersons. I was literally drooling when I opened the envelope and saw this in my hands! Baroness kicks this off with 2 songs that last over 17 minutes! Their sound is very reminiscent of His Hero Is Gone (especially in the vocals) with a healthy chunk of Isis thrown in. The dual, rhythmic

REVIEWS

guitar work here is fucking superior! They've been picked up by Relapse Records. Unpersons are a much noisier beast, plowing through your world and destroying shit, settling down, then rumbling forward again, with vocals that resemble an intense conversation with an emotionally unstable drunkard. If I had to recommend one cd to you out of everything reviewed this issue, it would be this one. (Bobby Bergeron)

Bring Me The Horizon
Count Your Blessings
Earache Records

According to their bio sheet thing that came with the cd, this band is a big deal in the U.K. Why, they got 4.4 million plays on MySpace, making them the 2nd most popular British band on Myspace (behind Coldplay)! So I guess my description of them as generic modern metalcore makes me "dumb" or something. Because I don't "get it" or whatever. Nice haircuts. Are those your girlfriend's pants? (Bobby Bergeron)

Clutch
"From Beale Street To Oblivion"
DRT Entertainment
After the almost-prog of the last Clutch effort, all drenched in organs and such, it's good to see them return to... well, almost their roots. This is the Clutch we have all known and loved through the years—bellowing, battering, tunes that groove all the way on loan from the 1970's. Clutch's stock in trade has always been their synergistic mutation of raw rock, hardcore anger, boogie swagger, and party boat ethics, and this one's got it in spades. Much like other discs reviewed this time, "From Beale Street To Oblivion" is a good return to form by one of the most reliable live bands to ever kick out the jams. (M. Bevis)

Croatan
There Can Be Only Two
Laguna Sunburn
A heavy guitar does not a good band make. This isn't even that heavy anyway. Female singer/guitarist and drummer two piece plus guest sessionists do umm-uhh-something style tunes

that speed up, get fast then.... well, speed up and then get fast again. She sounds good when she flat out yells and scrrreeeaaammms, but the talking vocals are as lame as that mayonnaise sandwich I ate for dinner. If they lost the 'concept' of the record (something about two warriors and innocent townspeople and slaying mortals and would-be-immortals etc..get it, 'There Can Be Only Two'...huh?huh? nudge, nudge..huh?) Clever shit. Minus points for a stupid George Bush sample. (Mike IX Williams)

Damnation A.D.
In This Life Or The Next
Victory Records
O.k. now THIS the sound that I expect when I see the Victory Records stamp on the back of a cd. Heavy, mid-90's hardcore with a bit of a metal edge, but not enough for you to mistake that this is indeed a HARDCORE band. Damnation A.D. has been on an 8 year hiatus, and even after all that time away, they've still got it. (Bobby Bergeron)

Darkest Hour
Delver Us
Victory Records
Darkest Hour have done it again. Another solid, perfect album of intense, brutal thrash. Since I can't find the words to describe how awesome this band is, I'll just shut up and keep thrashin'. Buy this. (Bobby Bergeron)

Daymares
Can't Get Us All
SelfMadeGod
Only together since 2006, these kids formed out of a love for crusty hardcore punk, rock and roll, and death metal. All three of which I hold dear to my heart and having said that, I will recommend Daymares to fans of the same. Later years Entombed comes to mind here in the sound and feel of these sinister Polish adrenaline fanatics. I really fucking dig this, and the only complaints I have are the lame band moniker (I'll forgive 'em though, they're from Eastern Europe) and for my taste the singers voice is a little too New York hawdcore, but I guess they make up for it with sheer grit and

velocity. The songs are heavy as good death metal should be and have an added groove that makes the Warsaw youth 'ROCK OUT'. Rounding this out are gang choruses and some semi-Misfits-esque back up vocals that I'm sure are killer live. (Mike IX Williams)

Deadlock
Wolves
Lifeforce Records
Generic melodic Swedish death metal with symphonic black metal keyboards, male death metal vocals and sung female vocal choruses. *yawn* (Bobby Bergeron)

Disfar
Misanthropic Generation
Relapse
Ya'll know I like this stuff, but I'll give the rundown again (I reviewed their Powerload 7" a while back in this here very rag, so if I am repeating myself, here's why, my memory sucks). From humble beginnings as a primary color Discharge clone band, Disfar have come into their own as a semi-original thick headed gravel spitting entity of modern times. This recording steps up to the plate and hits a home run. Beltran style as far as I'm concerned. Melding a bit more (alot more) Motorhead with the usual D-beat mocha latte froth, Misanthropic Generation should be considered their defining moment. Plenty of wanking metalish power leads, not simplistic two note grab-assin' though, more substance this time around. Vocalist Thomas Linberg. Yeah, yeah. The dude from At The Gates, Skit System and others, he does have a higher screech than his predecessor, but pulls out just enough scraggly pissed-off-ness to make this work. The rock-n-roll structures mixed with 80's hardcore liberty spikey punk goodness make this a fan-fucking-tastic jump off the stage to the broken jaw welcoming committee. Oh yeah, ya boy's got pretty killer lyrics. Look for their split with Zeke for extra zestiness. (Mike IX Williams)

REVIEWS

Driver Side Impact
The Very Air We Breathe
Victory Records
Jesus fuckin Christ... what the...
man.... Why? Fucking why? I'd
rather beat myself in the groin with
a hammer than listen to this entire
cd. (Bobby Bergeron)

El Chupa Cobras
s/t
Self-released-
www.myspace.com/periscopesound
d
Loud, noisy, spaztic rock from
Alabama! Intricate, aggressive
music with screaming in your
fucking face vocals. A nice
deviation from the crap I've been
getting to review lately. (Bobby
Bergeron)

Extinction of Mankind
Ale To England
Moshpit Tragedy
The first three tracks on this re-
release from Canadian indie label
Moshpit Tragedy are yanked from
UK filth farmers E.O.M.'s 7" of
the same name, and puts them up
front and close to showcase their
affinity for British second wave
punk and hardcore acts by
mopping the floor with covers of
Amebix, Antisect, and Discharge.
And yes, it's worth it and not just
another waste of vinyl. For crusty
two chord axe changes and socio-
politic
meanderings, Extinction of
Mankind do the do the original
versions proud, actually stepping
them up a twat thread with the
healthy added dose of a deeper
backline and quicker drum pacing,
leading the blind to a blinder grave.
The truth is in the crusty rebellion
as the proletariat show their ass in
the crowd on the next live tracks
(4-12) recorded in Bradford,
England (home of Doom; the
band). Highlight tunes are 'The
Nightmare Seconds', 'One
Bullet', and 'Spare A Thought'.
Two more tribute covers round out
the festivities for no apparent
reason and it's over. Cider & ale
plus no commercial aspects EVER
equals E.O.M. (Mike IX Williams)

Gezoleen
Black Spaces Between Stars
Acerbic Noise Development-
www.acerbicnoise.com
Heavy industrial/experimental
noise that falls somewhere between
Godflesh, Butthole Surfers, and a
family of four bludgeoned to death
with a hammer. Brilliant. (Bobby
Bergeron)

Glorior Belli
Manifesting The Raging Beast
Southern Lord
Gloomy black metal that doesn't
really deviate too much from the
standard "blast/fast melodic
riff/screechy vocal" formula that
you can expect from every fucking
black metal band, but has enough
of the slow doomy breaks to grab
my attention again when I start to
drift off and think about doing
laundry or something. (Bobby
Bergeron)

Hail!Hornet
s/t
Dwell Records
This is a sludge super group of
sorts, featuring T-Roy Medlin
(Sour Vein), Vince Burke (Beaten
Back To Pure), Dixie Dave Collins
(Weedeater) and Erik Larson
(Alabama Thunderpussy). Fuckin'
dooey slugged out metal with nice
tempo shifts. Prepare for a good ol'
southern ASS WHOOPIN'!
(Bobby Bergeron)

Hell Within
Shadows Of Vanity
Lifeforce Records
If you go to Ozzfest and watch
Headbangers Ball, then you
probably like this bland, generic
metal band. There's NOTHING
here that hasn't been done by the
third-rate Shadows Falls and
Avenge Sevenfolds out there.
(Bobby Bergeron)

Hematovore
Untitled
Acerbic Noise Development
Heavy instru-metal that covers
everything from prog-rock to
thrash to sludgy/drony passages. It
seems there's lots of good music
coming out of Alabama these
days! (Bobby Bergeron)

Irepress
Samus Octology
Translation Loss
Heavy, melodic instrumental metal
along the lines of Pelican and Isis,
with a little of the quiriness of
Collapse seeping in here and
there. For the most part his is really
mellow. While this is damn good in
the right mood, I'm getting
bored. (Bobby Bergeron)

Jesu
"Conqueror"
Hydra Head
Justin Broadrick and co. continue
to go even further with their
melancholia on Jesu's second full-
length album. Ever since he
disbanded Godflesh, Broadrick has
forsaken angst for melody, and
bombast for a more sublime stripe
of heavy. "Conqueror" is wide-
open, raw to the soul, and
somehow atmospheric. Make no
mistake: If you ever loved
Godflesh, or any of J.K.'s
numerous side projects, you are
going to own this, and even those
that didn't like Godflesh's catharsis
should at least give it a spin.
Collectors should seek out the
Japanese pressing, as it come with
the Sundown/Sunrise ep, and is
almost better than the LP!
(M. Bevis)

Municipal Waste
The Art Of Partying
Earache
WAKE UP MOTHERFUCKER!
Hell yeah! Municipal Waste is
back with 15 more songs of beer
swillin', head stompin' thrashcore
in the vein of early D.R.I. and the
mighty S.O.D.! Furious, thrashing
songs about partying and
metal! You need this! (Bobby
Bergeron)

Neurosis
Given To The Rising
Neurot Recordings
Well, fuckin' right, it's about
goddamn time! Neurosis is back to
the type of sound that made them
one of the most horrifyingly intense
names in metal in the mid-90's, and
with a thirst for fire and mortar.
Primordial, tortured, and still at
times ethereal, "" is a great return
for Neurosis, showing that even
after several albums of depression

REVIEWS

and solemnity, they can hit the studio and rip your neck out. If you remember "Through Silver In Blood", get ready... and don't say I didn't warn you. (M. Bevis)

Nodes Of Ranvier Defined By Struggle Victory Records

While this band doesn't really venture into new territory at all, they do have the metal core thing down. Heavy riffs with the occasional nod to Swedish metal and angry vocals. (Bobby Bergeron)

On Parole BarFlies no label

From Gothenburg Rock City, On Parole bust out some boogie down production Motorhead flavored glam-ish style hard medicine for all ya'll illin' to chug whiskey, play Texas hold 'em and quit yer jobs. This disc contains 13 selections culled from the quartet's first two demos and is pure 1000% shred R-n-R in the tried and true tradition of AC/DC, Hanoi Rocks, Stooges and the aforementioned Lemmy Kilmister's group. It seems some of the best American heavy roots music comes from places other than America these days! Biker metal and triple speed Chuck Berry/Johnny Thunders riffs are part of the sleaze element presented here and for your entertainment value (pennies on the dollar) you could do worse. A pure 70's FM radio flashback drenched with enough drunken, bar room brawl, pool cue fighting to make you feel like listening to The Cult and Girlschool, wearing ripped up bell bottoms, and frying on mescaline. (Mike IX Williams)

Pelican "City of Echoes" Hydra Head

So let's get this straight, right from the start, okay? I'm a huge fan of Pelican, and even though some might think that I'm just going to kiss their ass on this new album, most will be surprised. "City of Echoes" is good, quite good at times, but lacks the depth and weight of their previous output. As in the case of Jesu, production

means a lot for bands like these, and while Jesu's new LP comes off as atmospheric at time, Pelican's new disc suffers from a sense of weakness. Either way, if you like the band, check it out, the music is still brilliant. (M. Bevis)

Ramming Speed
Full Speed Ahead 7"/cdr
Self released-
www.myspace.com/despoticrobot
I caught these guys when they played a block party in the 9th ward! They were on tour from Boston and surprised the shit out of me! A fun, furious mix of 80's thrash metal, grind, and crusty hardcore with songs about pizza parties and carrot attacks. Shit yeah! (Bobby Bergeron)

Ringworm
The Venomous Grand Design
Victory Records
Pissed, heavy hardcore from the same city that brought you Integrity and In Cold Blood. They've been at it since '99 and in a time when dudes wearing girl pants and posing limpwristed with a douch-y haircut is considered "hardcore", this is very welcome! (Bobby Bergeron)

Seizure Crypt
Hello, My Name Is Madness
Self-released-
www.seizurecrypt.com
If there were a class titled New York Hardcore 101, these guys would be the valedictorians. While there's not a damn thing on here that's fresh, it's a fun listen and if you were into the NYHC sound popularized by Sick Of It All and Biohazard, then give this a spin. (Bobby Bergeron)

Severed Head Of State
No Love Lost
-no label-
S.H.O.S. flat out fucking OWN it all. Austin, Texas is kicking right now with these guys and World Burns To Death, another heavier than God's cock punk band ripping the south a new one with blazing modern hardcore. Severed...are what the REAL underground H.C. old school should sound like, not the bullshit that passes for low

bottom end slinging on all yer pay music channels this year. They even pay a tribute to OLD C.O.C. with a cover of 'Prayer' (from 'Animosity' for all you losers who didn't know there was an LP before 'Deliverance') Fuck all the cross genres. This is good song writing, heated down-tuned chords belying impassioned, vehement vocals and, get this, a HINT of melody, just mainly in the bass and guitar riff scorching. Nothing wrong with that. If you're looking for a record with fake ass pop or screamo or nu-metal or whatever they call it this week, GO DIE. (Mike IX Williams)

Silverstein
Arrivals & Departures
Victory
Oh motherfucker... not again... Whiny emo with the occasional scream to make the vocalist seem "tough" or "anguished" or something... I fell asleep with mtv on for some reason or another once and woke up to a video by this band. It was a fucking train wreck. I couldn't stop watching in utter fucking disgust. Girl pants and stupid fucking haircuts abound. Why is this band on the same fucking label as Darkest Hour? (Bobby Bergeron)

Skinless
Trample the Weak, Hurdle The Dead
Relapse
A galloping Iron Maiden on LOTS of speed anchors this fiasco to the shore (well, only in comparison because Iron Maiden isn't an east coast death metal band born in New York in 1992 on Relapse records. Hypothetically if I.M. tuned down to D, and Bruce Dickenson alternated between guttural choking and Japanese shrieks... Oh never mind, there's really NO comparison at all.) while the vocals jerk back and forth from maniacal screaming and grinding versus cupped-mic unintelligible dog barking. These guys lead us all, God forgive, into oblivion further and further more, forever. The un-skinned ones coax every little battered evil guitar bend out from under the park bench and into the darkness of the lecherous public eye. Only their mothers

REVIEWS

know for sure. For fans of Sulfocation and Dying Fetus and their ilk. (Mike IX Williams)

Slang

Humanistic Disorder Demo 2006
Straight Up
Six traditional whirlwind napalm throwin' blasts from Japan's Slang on this limited post-Katrina CD demo pushed into our grubbier than ever ham-like hands by Klub Counter Action & Straight Up Records. Just what you'd expect from today's Nippon crust, all perfect hits below the belt, stomach punching, caustic, mid-tempo AK-47 rifling in the style of all the british forefathers (you know who I mean, all the ones with the leather, studs, and bristles) that are loved so fuckin' much. No grind here, you rabid bastards. Full force, crashing airline, on time pacing; deep guitar distortion supreme (with great leads) plus the added bonus of those Asian hollers that are so endearing and sound like planets being eaten by Galactus by the dozens. The last song is a cover by Ripcord called 'Single Ticket to Hell', you've heard this stuff before, but c'mon this is done by a DIFFERENT band!!! Really, its worth it, I mean it. (Mike IX Williams)

S.S.S.

S:t

Earache

It will be a sad day when the new wave of 80's crossover thrash bands comes to an end, as I'm totally diggin' the shit out of this. I have a huge smile on my face and if I weren't old and all achy-boned from work, I'd be thrashin' around the room like a maniac.

Britan's SSS (which stands for Short Sharp Shock), as you probably guessed by my rambling ode to thrash core above, play old-school thrash/hardcore crossover and fucking Excel (pun totally intended) at it! Fucking awesome! (Bobby Bergeron)

The Junior Varsity

Cinematographic

Victory

Man, I like cereal. Its great. Huh? Ohh... what? A cd to review? Yeah, these guys blow. And not in a good

way. MTV garbage. Didn't Victory Records used to have a heavier hardcore roster? I guess they're trying to cash in after years of being fucking broke putting out second rate Earth Crisis rip-offs. Oh by the way, I like cereal. (Mike IX Williams)

Total Fucking Destruction

Zen And The Art Of Total Fucking Destruction

Translation Loss

Grindcore with a bit of a tech-y edge. This album is split into 3 sections, "electric", "acoustic" and "video". Obviously the "acoustic" isn't grind, but total weirdness that sounds straight out of an underground jazz club or something. From the "video" section comes one of the greatest song titles of all time: "Seth Putnam Is Wrong About A Lot Of Things. But Seth Putnam Is Right About You". Brilliant. Oh, and if you don't know who Seth Putnam is, I don't want to be your friend. (Bobby Bergeron)

Toxic Bonkers

Progress

Selmadegod Records

This band plays very intense, brutal death-y, thrashy metal that makes up for their stupid fucking name. Combining the sounds of Napalm Death and early Sepultura. Damn. I was so ready to rip on this band too. THE METAL GODS HAVE FAILED ME ONCE AGAIN! But seriously, y'all should check this band out on myspace or something (every band has one of these, right?) then realize how fucking right I am and buy this cd. (Bobby Bergeron)

Unsane

"Visqueen"

Ipecac Records

I'll admit it: I have never been a huge Unsane fan. But, I did find their video for that song "Scrape" funny, what with all of the skateboard wipeouts, and the song WAS kinda cool. So I'm sitting in the Abbey one night and the guitarist was there, Chris, and he gave me a copy of their new CD on Ipecac for a review. I was drunk, forgot about it until a few days later when I found the disc. So I played it, and DAMN! There's a feeling about this record that I didn't get

from their earlier work. Maybe better production, dunno, but this is one tight, well-produced, and full of some really nice hooks. Shows what happens when some determined, sick fucks keep at it. (M. Bevis)

Verse And Radiation

Along The Celestial Ruins

Acerbic Noise Development

Chaotic and precise. Scattered and well put together. Jagged and smooth. Montgomery, Alabama's V & R are one of those bands who take pride in a well constructed series of parts and off time rhythm signatures, buttering up the sidewalk for the vocalist to come slipping in and out and in between, yelping and chattering gruffly by the watchtower and all along the side of it. Voivod-ish, but doesn't sound like Voivod. Neurosis-like vocal similarity in some parts, but doesn't sound like Neurosis.

Unsane-style chopped up calculated noise moves, but doesn't sound like Unsane.

Southern progressive art school damage meets crossover thrash metal in algebra class detention. Robotic shambling and organic steadiness. Prehistoric and avant-garde. Experimental and deliberate. Un-evolved and post-mortem. Lots of people who think they are better than you will say this CD is an instant classic. It ain't really my pint of cheap 3.99 vodka, but it does grow on me, so check it out and learn about something new today. You lousy shithead. (Mike IX Williams)

Weedeater

God Luck And Good Speed

Southern Lord

For the few of you unfamiliar with the mighty fucking Weedeater, this band features ex-Buzzov*en bassist Dixie Dave Collins and they are determined to crush your fucking head with their heavy, grimy stoner/doom metal. They have grown much tighter as a band, but still crank out the southern sludge that they're known for, and Dixie's vocals are as raspy and grunty as ever. (Bobby Bergeron)

NOISEFEST 2007

Noise. The word conjures many archetypes: a construction site, a screaming baby or jet planes flying too low overhead. Most people can't stand noise, and spend most of their lives trying to get as much peace and quiet as possible. But to a some, noise can be enjoyable, even music, and vice-versa. There are thousands of groups out there that dabble, or have dabbled in the more esoteric forms of sound and collage, and New Orleans has had a hand in that musical genre as much as it does with any other.

I can personally attest to this fact having been a participant in the foundations of this scene, at least on a local level. With my group GIMP, founded in 1991, I strove to start a group unbounded by convention, courtesy, or, some might say, common-sense. We abused our audiences with noise attacks, and loved it when crowds would run for the door, unable to take the assault we were mounting. We were young and informed by both punk and noise, and wanted to add something that was sorely lacking at the time in NOLA. At our first gigs in the early 90's, we did attract some people that "got it"—one of them was a guy I would later come to find out was Keith "Deacon Johnson" Moore. He would scream at us after our sets, demanding more volume, more pain, and more discipline. He was an excitable guy, nervous and full of static energy and a million ideas. But there was something really earnest about him, and he even interviewed us for some zine he was writing for at the time. Then, when GIMP ceased operations in the late 90's, we lost touch with him, never really knowing who he was or where he was from.

I ran into him a few years later, immediately recognized him by his small, wiry frame, and reminded him where he knew me from. He immediately launched into a rant about a new project he was undertaking: NOISEFEST. It was going to be THE alternative to the N.O. Jazz Fest, and was going to feature the host of noise related acts that he had found around the city. He asked if GIMP would do a reunion of sorts, and we unfortunately couldn't, as my partner in the band, Robert McColley, was undergoing medical procedures at the time. As the date of the gig neared, Robert passed away; making GIMP a memory in the history of NOLA noise... I heard later that the first NOISEFEST was a success, and that more were planned for the future. Flash forward to 2007, and I'm sitting at my studio working on my new project, STAR of KAOS. I receive a breathless, exasperated phone call from Mr. Moore—it seems that he decided that my act was playing a benefit for this year's NOISEFEST, and we were late. Huh? I had not heard a word about the benefit, and was unprepared on such short notice. I politely let him know that there was no way we could do it, as we were not yet able to play live, but that I would gladly play the actual fest. He seemed relaxed by my promises, and we made plans to keep in touch until the gig.

Then, as fate has a way of stepping in, it did, and claimed the life of Keith Moore, only a month or so before NOISEFEST was to happen, another senseless murder in our confused and battered city. There were many kind eulogies for him in the local media, and the decision was made to continue his vision by holding NOISEFEST 2007 in his honor. I was contacted by Michael Welch, a local musician and writer who was going to hold the event in his backyard in the Bywater, and we happily agreed to play, as well as help any other way that we could with the event. I donated some marketing time by designing a flyer, and letting our fan base and associates know that this was going to be our first gig as STAR of KAOS, as well as a hell of a lot of fun for anyone who likes experimental sound, especially noise.

We were told to arrive at Michael's home at 10:00 a.m. on a humid Sunday morning, the same day Steely Dan was playing at the Jazz Fest—but Steely Dan doesn't know anything about noise, so no big deal there. We roused the obviously sleeping Mr. Welch and his partner, Morgana from their slumber, feeling more than a little embarrassed for showing up on time. No signs of any other performers, we loaded in and got to know Michael and his pet goat a bit, and then drank some whiskey while helping move tables and other needed supplies out into the overgrown apocalypse of the backyard. A goat pen, an axe, some children's toys, filthy and dangerous provided the requisite landscape for an event such as NOISEFEST. Then others started to show around 11:00, and I was happy to see King Louie, of the Black Rose Band, stride in with his Pignose amp and set of harmonicas, ready to wail effected. The first band of the day, ZOSIMUS had started to set up, and Ray Bong, of BONGOLOIDS fame was peppering the yard with his homemade noisemakers, some even controlled remotely.

ZOSIMUS started off the day right, with slinking, slithering guitars by Cliff Samuel-Hine and synthesizer work by Julian Labat, occasionally pinned down by the equally intricate bass work of Martin Saito. They conjured the spirits of Coleman, Batiste, and Ellington: sublime futurist jazz, but filtered through the ears of a younger sensibility. The members of ZOSIMUS are high-school students training at NOCCA, but, despite their young ages they have an earnest nature about their work and were some of the more positive attendees of the day about the state of a Noise "scene" here in the city. Unfortunately, they had to leave early, after learning of the passing of their teacher, music legend Alvin Batiste. A short pause later, and an older gentleman who had his three little daughters with him started connecting all sorts of effects, amps, and a pickup to a bicycle... this was SIAMESE COCKS, and he kicked the bike into overdrive, creating high-resonance peals of feedback with the spokes, rims, and chain casing. To finish, he reversed the pedals, creating a black hole that sucked the expectations of everyone present inside-out. SIAMESE COCKS didn't play a very long set, but it was perfect, sitting out under the trees, in the shade, listening to a bicycle scream in such a tortured way.

As more artists and spectators started to congregate, the yard started to come alive with activity, when MR. QUINTRON and DJ PASTA had started to set up their turntables and drum buddy, and were soon spinning odd juxtapositions of sounds, songs, and in-betweens. On the back porch-cum stage, RATTY SCURVICS had set up a p.a. system, and was blasting some garbled loops and other assorted curiosities between acts. RAY BONG was wandering around, triggering noises from across the yard, sometimes to the delight and wonder of someone standing too close to one of his inspired noise-toys. It wasn't until VARGR WULF, a.k.a. Joseph Gates and Vanessa Stegeman were starting to play that we realized that the next act was on. VARGR WULF, from the North Shore, were the first wholly confrontational act of the day, with withering sheets of white noise augmented on laptop computer by Ms. Stegeman, all while Gates hollered indecipherably about rituals and Blackie Lawless. Things got ugly when he decided to eviscerate his bass guitar with a prop sword, one that was frighteningly real enough to cause a few attendees to back away from the stage. Apart from a few subdued moments, VARGR WULF was the most unapologetically noisy act presented that day, bringing to mind some of the more extreme acts that the genre has borne.

After some scrambling for lost batteries, STAR of KAOS took the stage, and we played a 23 minute piece that was medley of songs from our "Amnesia Pharmaceutica" c.p., newer songs from our upcoming LP, and a few pieces specially made just for that performance. Aside from a few technical glitches, B. Dupree and I performed a mash-up of droning, beat-driven, shining, KAOS, ending with our break-up anthem "MORONWHORE"—5 minutes of tortured, painful noise and catharsis. Afterwards, as we broke down our gear, the noise from all corners of the yard resumed, as other acts continued to set up.

After a short break, caveman noise act FIST FULL OF TEETH started their short gas tank and scrap metal deconstruction. In addition to full grown members Wo and Joe L. F.F.O.T. featured Woo's young son, Thunder wolf on percussion, who somehow enticed the daughters of SIAMISE COCKS to join the fray. This was a personal highlight, watching the children beat on gas tanks, blissfully unaware that they were obviously the most "in touch" with the message of the day. Keith would have loved that as well: the blurring of the line between performer and audience, on every level, young or old. Next up was keyboard/synth duo THE HATE MONS, who had a very interesting choice in group membership. While their overall sound was informed by groups like SUICIDE, they had a live rat in a Plexiglas box, triggering a piercing Theremin antenna inside. After syncopated, robotic songs that seemed to be lyrically based in withdrawal hallucinations, and more than a few Rat solos, we were directed to the center of the yard, where another act had seemingly sprung from the earth. ONE MAN MACHINE was ready to do his afternoon sermon. The namesake one man is Bernard Pierce, who played guitar and bass simultaneously, and was joined by a couple of languid drummers who served to add weight but not mass to the MACHINES gospel-style sound sculptures. With tape loops floating in from somewhere just above us, his plaintive vocals filled the yard, and things started to mellow a bit... until he started smashing his guitar to splinters—another destruction ritual, only this time for Keith Moore. His memory hung heavy over the day at times, but not in the usual maudlin way. Most people who knew the man thought he would have been quite happy with how the day was progressing.

The whiskey started to take hold, and I could tell things were starting to get slurred when C-SECTION-8 launched into some of the most intricate pedal-based C-60 tape mangling I've ever seen. He was running some 13 odd rigs, all while switching cords, tape loops, and adjusting levels to mutate everything from dancehall tunes to CCR into throbbing madness. After bashing our heads in for almost a solid hour, C-SECTION-8 slowly washed out, and that's when everything swiftly descended into chaos. The BALLY WHO? played, although it was more of a jam than anything you might have heard on one of their spacey, trippy CD's. MIKRONAUT brought a small sense of order to the rhythm, until they too seemed more than happy to just go with the flow of the crowd. ROB CAMBRE, local avant-guitar maestro, snaked through the swirling miasms of noise with string treatments seemingly possessed of an alien intellect, accompanied by the M.V.P. of NOIZEFEST 2007, RAY BONG on a toy plastic guitar.

By this point the NOISICIAN COALITION, who march on annual holidays year round had shown up, and started handing out the noisemaking implements coalition founders Matt Vaughn and Robert Starnes have been building for years now. This was the missing link, and the crowd started jamming as well, making it impossible for puppetry oddball THE BUOYANT SEA to do anything more than look befuddled as his quiet brand of mandolin-psych was consumed whole, and struggling by the raging wall of glorious noise that was being erected in memory of Keith Moore. As things went to fever pitch, I remember thinking that the cops must have been called by this point, but no... it all went off without any hassle, and it seems that a good, if not headache-inducing time was had by all. After a quick load out and too much weed, whiskey, and sunshine, I returned home, to rest my battered skull. My head throbbing, I found rest as visions of giant, machete wielding children beat on the carcasses of monolithic drum buddies, all while scrambled transmissions wafted aimlessly in and out of hearing, accompanied by the bleating of a friendly goat. It was a perfect ending to a perfect NOIZEFEST.

Rest in NOIZE, Deacon Johnson...

M. Bevis
2007
NOLA



20 Years Ago...

So this past August 16th made 20 years of me going to shows. My first show was Verbal Abuse, Shell Shock and Vampire Lezbos at the Franklin St. VFW Hall in New Orleans on August 16, 1987.

At the time, I had been to quite a few of the arena concerts: Twisted Sister, Dokken, and Y&T, Kiss and Krokus, Dio and Rough Cutt, Ratt and Bon Jovi, Motley Crue and Autograph, and the one that opened the door to heavier, faster music for me, Ozzy with Metallica (Master Of Puppets tour) opening. I was a metalhead kid with funny hair (oh how times have changed...) wearing an Iron Maiden "Powerslave" t-shirt. My friend Bill was opening my ears to hardcore, and introduced me to the hardcore and metal shows that would on local college radio station WTUL Friday and Saturday nights.

After not hearing from my friend Weldon, who moved away after his parents split, I got back in touch with him and he invited me to crash at his mom's place and took me to this show. He introduced me to his friend Gerry (who nowadays is known as Jheri Macgilllicuddy), who I would be seeing a lot more of for years to come.

Being the social butterfly I am, I stood in the back, right by the doorway to the concession/merch area (where the old men who ran the hall would sell miller ponies to the kids) and just observed while Weldon mingled and did his thing (I was kind of quiet and shy back then... imagine that...). There was a mix of people that I'd never seen before: skinheads, punks, a few longhairs scattered here and there, but all gathered together for the sake of checking out some bands and having a good time.

The first band was Vampire Lezbos, who weren't listed on the flyer. They were on tour from Washington. I didn't really care for them much and neither did the crowd. I recall the singer complaining that nobody was slammin' and somebody yelled "because y'all look retarded", but years later I got a dub of their album that came out around that time, and they weren't so bad.

Next up was Shell Shock. I'd heard a few songs from them on WTUL, and I was really psyched to be seeing them live. The place

went nuts when they played. It was the first time I'd seen people slam dance (or mosh or skank or whatever you may call it). It was their first show with their new drummer, Jimmy Bower. They did lots of songs from Whites Of Their Eyes, a few songs from their then upcoming album, More Gore, and covers of the Misfits "Last Caress" and "London Dungeon", and Kiss "Rock N Roll All Nite" and of course closing out with "My Brain Is Jelly".



Verbal Abuse was on the road supporting their "VA Rocks Your Liver" album. I wasn't familiar with any of their material, and the lean towards metal with this album and lineup really appealed to me.

After this show I was hooked! Other bands that I ended up seeing at the VFW Hall before it shut down were Incubus, Graveyard Rodeo, Exhorder, The Flagrantz, Seveth (who became Nuclear Crucifixion, who became Soilent Green), I.D.S. and Pariah Dissent. I got to see Shell Shock 2 more times there as well.

Those days are long gone, but that's what I'm here for... to sound like a bitter old man and tell you about how shit was "when I was your age".

Keep supporting your scene.
Bobby

NOLA UNDERGROUND PRESENTS:

THE
RAISE THE DEAD FESTIVAL
II

Featuring:

**GRAVEYARD
ROBEO**

Original Lineup
not seen in over
15 years!

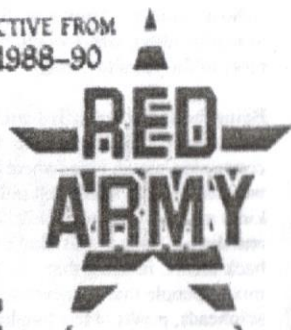
AFTER
A 4 YEAR HIATIS

CHOKER



With:
C BAS
and

ACTIVE FROM
1988-90



PAIN TRIBE

Friday, OCTOBER 19TH

DOORS @ 8PM - BANDS @ 9PM



THE HOWLIN' WOLF

907 SOUTH PETERS STREET

\$13 at the
Door